Wandering the hallways of my mind.
Reflections of a demented person.

Wandering the hallways of my mind.
I am lost.
Searching,
Familiarity and mystery lie waiting around every corner. But which corner?
Wandering.

Shadows of a face I once knew so well,
Figures shrouded in the mists of time,
Fading beyond the reach of an outstretched arm.
Wandering.

The soft patter of little feet,
The gentle curve of a reluctant smile,
The warm tears of unkind years,
Wandering.

Wandering the hallways of my mind.
Wandering,
Wandering,
Wandering.

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Competing interests None declared.

Provenance and peer review Not commissioned; internally peer reviewed.

To cite Salib S. Med Humit 2017;43:205.
Published Online First 23 February 2017
Med Humanit 2017;43:205. doi:10.1136/medhum-2016-011183

Poetry and prose